"IN THE CROWDED CITY STREET."

In the crowded city street,
Unrewarded and neglected,
'Mid the rush of hurrying feet
Solitary, sad, dejected,

Stands with violin in hand
One by fame and fortune slighted,
One of Orpheus' scattered band—
Scattered, but in heart united.

Now, with tears, he turns away;
When a passing stranger lingers,
Begs his violin to play—
Sways the chords with jeweled fingers.

While the thrilling tones that rise
Stop the teeming tide of traffic,
As the genius in disguise
Moves their souls with sounds seraphic.

And the scorned one, scorned so long,
Reaps, with gratitude and gladness,
All the harvest that the throng
Shower in storms of gleeful madness.

Ah! sometimes, too, when the bard,
Silent, sad, is slowly turning
From the world, whose cold regard
Wears his heart with wasted yearning;

From the realm of greater souls
Flies, to touch the lips that falter,
Some bright seraph, with the coals
Caught from an immortal altar.

So commissioned, so inspired,
Ah! what eyes with rapture glisten,
As he sings, with genius fired,
All the world stands still to listen.

WILFRED H. WOOLLAM.

LITTLE SILVER LOCKETS.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS, BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Perhaps one girl seldom loves so dearly as I loved Grace Ellsworth; and that may have been the reason why the wound in my heart, when it came, was so sore and hard to heal. Since I have been a grown woman, and fallen into the way of really thinking about things, it has often seemed to me that in some natures jealousy is the black shadow of love; and you know how exaggerated and distorted our shadows always look.

I remember the first time I ever saw Grace. It was when I was only four years old. That is a long way back to remember; but I have heard people tell of really distinct memories extending back still farther than that. My first memory was Grace.

I have been told since that my parents had just moved into the town which was Grace's home. Our mothers had been friends long before, and so one day I was taken to see Grace. Do such little creatures as I was then, think, I wonder?

I hardly know; but there is a picture before my eyes, as distinct as any I have ever seen on canvas, of a little girl in a white frock, with a red ribbon round her waist, with big black eyes, and yellow hair hanging about her pink cheeks.

She had been told by her mother—but this is one of the things I have learned since—that I would be a little sister for her; and she came toward me, her small hands outstretched in welcome, without the least childish shyness, and said:

"How 'oo do, Cahwy? I'm glad 'oo come."

I believe I had the pleasing habit, at that epoch, of saluting strangers with a prolonged wail of doubt and dismay; but this beautiful and friendly vision put to flight the incipient howl, and I submitted to be led away by her in triumph. I think I must have been introduced to a large family of dolls and a storehouse of playthings, but I remember nothing of them; I remember only Grace.

From that day we were almost daily together. It was the easiest way of amusing us; for I was an only child, and so, to all intents of companionship, was Grace, though she had a half sister some ten years older than herself. This half-sister, Mary, was our benignant special providence, and I loved her almost as well as Grace did.

We grew up together, Grace and I; went to the same school, studied the same books, dreamed the same dreams. We used to trace out on our maps the routes by which we would like to travel. I have been over some of them since, but not with Grace. We used to go oftenest in our fancy to Rome. We were full of interest in Roman history, and we longed to stand among the stately ruins of that old-time glory.

I have been there when the light was soft upon the Alban hills, and the sun low, and I thought I heard a voice—*her* voice—say, gently, "Here we are, at last;" but I knew it must be the wind among the stone pines.

When I took my last draught from the fountain of Trevi, under the spring moonlight, I heard the voice again, or seemed to hear it; but this time it must have been the murmur of the fountain itself, for I know not what tongue they speak in the land where Grace is now.

When we were in our fourteenth year—have I told you that we were of the same age, Grace and I?—a cousin came to spend the summer and autumn with her. This cousin was a nice enough girl, and really, the most prejudiced mind could hardly blame her for having been sent to stay at her Aunt Ellsworth's while her parents made a journey across the Atlantic.

But jealousy and justice are not of the same family, though they begin with the same letter; and I was jealous of Edith Stanhope from the first.

She was a city girl, with pretty little ways of her own, and various manners and customs to which Grace and I were strangers. Her toilets were perfection; but I honestly think she thought no more of them than we did of our brown Holland frocks. She would have been called handsomer than either of us, I have no doubt; and yet to me her pink and white face had no charm comparable to that of Grace's rather pale face, with the great dark eyes, full of truth and tenderness.

At first Grace tried to make Edith and me friends; and no doubt it was my fault that she did not succeed. I wanted Grace quite to myself, as I had had her all my life; and because I could not so have her, I was touchy and disagreeable; and soon Miss Stanhope let me see clearly enough that she returned my indifference. All the same, she was Grace's guest, and Grace could not leave her to come to me as of old.

When I went there, I could not see my darling alone, and I grew to think my lot very hard. I was an imaginative girl, and I took refuge in melancholy poetry, and even dropped into rhymes myself, in which I bewailed my cruel fate, and accused my friend of stony-hearted ingratitude and indifference.

Grace always had an uncomfortable amount of common sense; and when, one day, I left the most melancholy of these rhymed lamentations in her desk at school, I saw her smile as she read it; a smile full of honest fun, which I magnified into scorn and ridicule. My vanity was as sorely wounded as my heart, and I at once took open issue with her. I accused her of preferring her cousin. I told her grandiloquently that *she* had taught me how little a life-long friendship was worth.

Shall I ever forget the incredulous and astonished look in her eyes? She was always gentle, though far firmer than I; and she spoke quietly and sweetly:

"Of course you don't mean anything you are saying, Carry, but do you think you ought to say such things, even in jest?"

"I am in no mood for jesting," I replied, with the high-mightiness of one whose fourteenth birthday was just past. "Our friendship has not been a jest to me, nor am I the one who has thrown you aside for another!"

Her eyes grew sad in the midst of their lingering incredulity, as if conviction were slowly coming to her that I was in earnest.

"Can it be possible, Carry," she said, still gently, "that you really think I have treated you ill—that I have ceased to love you—I, who have loved you all my life?"

Her very gentleness angered me. "What is love worth," I cried, "that will make no sacrifice for its object? Will you leave Miss Edith Stanhope alone, and come and pass every other afternoon with me, as you used?"

With all Grace's gentleness, she was not wanting either in self-respect or in spirit, and she answered me very frankly:

"No, Carry, I will not leave my cousin to spend every other afternoon alone while she is my guest; and you ought not to like me so well if I would."

I suppose I knew in my own soul that she was right; and that very knowledge made me the more determined. Besides, my jealousy flamed more fiercely than ever; and jealousy, you know, is cruel.

"Very well," I said. "Keep Miss Edith Stanhope, and I wish you joy of her. Perhaps, when she goes away, your ladyship will condescend to think of me again; but I may have learned other ways of passing my afternoons by that time. Good-by."

I thought this address very withering, I remember. Grace half put out her hand to me, as if she would detain me. Then she evidently thought better of it, and turned away and joined her cousin. This conversation had been held in a corner of the school-yard, and after it was over, Grace and Edith walked away together.

I went home alone. That was in September. October and November came and went, and still the estrangement between Grace and me continued. We nodded to each other when we met, with a distant politeness; we even said good-morning if our paths crossed; but this was all.

Sometimes I saw a wistful look in Grace's dear, dark eyes, and some word ready to be spoken seemed to tremble on her lips; but I took no notice. My jealousy was like an actual, haunting presence, which never forsook me.

The first day of December, my mother gave me a twenty-dollar gold piece. It was the sum which for some years had been given to each of us—Grace and me—on the first of December, with which to make our Christmas presents.

Our mothers had thought, wisely, that we ought to have some experience in the use of money, and we were both ambitious to make the most and best of it. Our presents for each other were always a grand surprise, reserved for Christmas eve, but about every other item we consulted.

I wondered if Grace had already received her gold piece; and whether she would miss me as much in planning how to use it as I should miss her. Then the thought crossed my mind that I should have the more for others, as, of course, I should buy nothing for Grace.

And then came a sudden, swift revulsion of feeling. Not buy anything for Grace, who had been my heart's delight all my life, ever since that first day when she put out her baby hand and said, "How 'oo do, Cahwy? I glad 'oo come."

I tried to shut my heart against her image. I said to myself that no one would deny it was hard, that when we had been all in all to each other for all those years, another person should come and swallow up Grace altogether.

But conscience lifted up her voice and reminded me that it was not Grace's fault that I had not been with her as much as before, and shared her daily life with her cousin as I had shared it when she was alone.

"Great good that would have been," I answered aloud to the inward voice, hoping thus to silence it, "great good, with always missy, the cousin, to hear every word that we said!"

But try how I might, I could not make myself comfortable. I began to think I could not help buying Grace's present. Perhaps I would not give it to her—perhaps I would send it on Christmas Day, with a few lines of poetry. I prided myself, rather, on the "lines" I could write for such occasions—and so show that, though I had given her up to her new friend, I bore no malice.

That idea pleased me. I persuaded myself that I should be heaping coals of fire on her head, and I took great delight, as I have observed that people usually do, in the thought of making them as hot as possible.

"I am going to buy Grace a present," I remarked to my mother in an off-hand way, with, I rather think, some vague idea that she would admire my largeness of mind. She has asked me once or twice during the last few weeks what was the matter between Grace and me; and I said: "Nothing, except that Grace had not time enough for both her cousin and myself."

When I announced my intention to make Grace a present, it was received, I must confess, with a disappointing equanimity. "Oh," my mother said, carelessly, and went on with her sewing.

Once resolved upon buying that gift, it filled all my thoughts. It should be something that Grace could not help liking, and it should be pretty, no matter how the other gifts fared.

There was one thing that I knew Grace had long wanted—a silver locket with a picture of myself. Could I give her my picture, now that I had chosen to take the ground that she no longer cared for me?

I might, at least, get the locket.

I went to the village jeweler's and I found among his stock two little silver lockets. They were the same in price five dollars each. They were of bright, white coin silver, for it said "pure coin" in little letters inside their covers. Each had a place for a picture. On the outside of one was a forget-me-not beautifully engraved. On the other was a carnation pink, Grace's favorite flower.

I liked the sentiment of the forget-me-not; but after all, Grace was so fond of pinks. I could not make up my mind, and I went away to think of it over night.

The next morning I hurried back, hardly certain yet which I wanted. I asked if I might see the two little lockets again.

"One was sold last night," the clerk answered, "but here is the other," and he took out of the show-case the locket with the carnation.

So the matter had been settled for me. I handed out my twenty-dollar gold piece; for, after all, this was the first Christmas present that I had purchased; received my change and the little silver locket, and went home.

It was Saturday and there was no school. I busied myself with embroidery patterns, and tried to plan what I could make, and what I could buy with the rest of my money; but all the time I was really trying to settle the question in my own mind whether I should have my daguerrotype—for it was in the old days of daguerrotypes—put into Grace's locket.

I said to myself, "Perhaps she does not love me enough, now, to want it." But in my heart I knew that she loved me as much as ever, and that it was only my wicked pride which hated to admit that I was wholly in the wrong.

I was sitting in the room where my mother was sewing—poor, patient mother, with so many weary stitches to take always—and my aunt was reading. Suddenly my aunt looked up.

"Here is something I want to read to you, sister; I think it so well said." And then she read:

"'There was an old custom in Egypt of carrying a dead body round on its way to burial, and stopping before the doors of all who had been its enemies that there might be a reconciliation before the last long parting. What if by a common consent all human indifferences had to expire with each old year, and a new page begin with the new? Would we not be careful, having felt the soreness of estrangement, to keep the new year fair?'"

The words struck me with a strange force and meaning. What if I should wait too long before I let Grace know not only that I loved her, but that I believed in her love? Would any sacrifice of such a poor thing as my pride be too much to make to atone to poor Grace for all the pain I must have cost her?

You will think my simplest course would have been to go to her at once, and tell her all that I felt. But I have told you that I was an imaginative child. There was something in me that delighted in scenes and crises—in doing things in a story-book kind of way. It would soon be Christmas eve, and Grace would be expecting nothing from me. How charming it would be to go to her with the locket, and surprise her with that and my visit at the same time.

That afternoon I got my daguerrotype taken, and put into the locket. The man who took it gave, with his soft brushes, a little rose to my cheeks, just a tint of blue to my eyes, and a little golden warmth to my hair.

I secretly thought it a pretty picture, and I don't think from that time till Christmas eve there was one waking hour in which I did not plan afresh what I should say to Grace, and how she would look, and what a touching and beautiful scene it would be altogether.

At school, however, I held myself more carefully aloof from my friend than ever. I was so desperately afraid that I should be led to anticipate the grand reconciliation I had planned. Grace looked sad, and I used to think, sometimes, paler than usual; but if I believed, as I did in my heart, that the sadness was on my account, I comforted myself by thinking how soon I should chase it all away.

Christmas fell that year on Thursday, and that whole week there was no school. Wednesday night, just at twilight, we had finished our afternoon meal, and I asked my mother if I might carry my present to Grace and stay there for a little while. She consented, and told me she would send for me at nine o'clock.

I took a good look at the locket befor I put it in its little box lined with pink cotton wool. I thought how delightful Grace would surely be with it; and I was glad it was the carnation one, and not the forget-me-not, for I fancied it would please her better.

Shall I ever forget that clear yet tender winter twilight through which I walked the half-mile between my house and Grace's? The west still held the glow of the sunset. The sky was cloudless, and in the east the evening star hung tenderly, as if to watch what might befall on earth this night of nights.

I knocked at the door, when at last I reached the house. I never used to knock, but I had been such an infrequent visitor of late. Mary, Grace's half sister, opened the door, and I saw that her face was all swollen as by long weeping.

"I am glad you have come, Carry," she said. "We were going to send for you. Grace wants you. She is very ill with pleurisy. She has been ill two days, but we never thought of danger until to-day."

"Danger!" I think that was the most awful moment of my life. I knew then that she was going away from me; and at the same time I knew, better than I had ever known before, how dearly I loved her, how dearly she had always loved me.

"May I speak to her?" I whispered.

"Yes, the doctor says it will not hurt her. You may go in now."

I found my darling in her own room. Her mother was there, and her cousin Edith sat by the fire. Grace put out her hands.

"How do you do, Carry? I'm glad you've come."

The very same old words of our first meeting, only now they were spoken plainly, but in a hoarse, strange voice, not like my Grace's.

"May I see Carry quite alone?" she asked, and the others went out.

I sank on my knees beside her, and it seemed to me my heart broke then and there. She spoke faintly, and with difficulty, but she drew herself along and rested her head against mine.

"Don't grieve so, Carry," she said. "I always knew you loved me. Did you think I didn't know? But I couldn't be unkind to Edith."

"No, and I was a wretch; a wicked, wicked girl; but I did love you all the time. See, I got this for you three weeks ago," and I opened the little silver locket, and laid it in her hand.

"O, Carry, it was just what I wanted most," she said. "Your dear face! I will make them leave it on me, if I die, dear, and I shall not be so lonesome with that face on my heart. I had something, too, for you."

She drew out from under her pillow another little silver locket, the forget-me-not locket. So it was she who had bought it, even before I bought its mate. There was under its glass a long tress of her soft, shining black hair, and a hair chain was attached to it.

"The chain is my own hair, too, dear; I braided it for you myself. It is very strong, and I thought you would like it. I did not know I was going to leave you when I made it; but it will make you think of me when I am gone."

She was so much calmer than I. I could scarcely speak at all.

"Are you——" I could not say the rest of the sentence I had begun.

"Yes, dear, I think so; and I dare not be sorry when the Father in heaven says 'Come;' but I should have liked to be happy again, for a while, with you."

Her mother came back then, bringing the doctor. They sent me out of the room, and when, soon after, they came out together I heard the doctor say that she was sinking fast.

"Oh, let me stay with her this one night," I cried, out of the depths of my broken heart, "please, *please* let me!"

"Do let her, if you can," said Mary's gentle voice, and the doctor answered: "Yes, let her stay, if you like; nothing can do any harm now."

So I stayed through that long night, and we all watched round Grace's bed together. Sometimes she was in sharp pain, which it agonized us to witness. Then she would seem to sleep the heavy sleep of exhaustion. From time to time she spoke to one and another of us, some tender, thoughtful sentence. Once she drew Edith's hand and mine together, as we stood near her, and said, quite clearly:

"You both loved me. For my sake love each other."

And once she said, but that was when it was almost morning:

"Will it not be a good day to be born into heaven, the day on which our Lord was born here?"

It was the stillest chamber. We all tried to be quiet, and to keep back all signs of our sorrow for her dear sake; and we saw, or thought we saw upon her face the light of some new dawn of glory.

Toward the end, her mind seemed to wander a little. She said over and over, in a dreamy kind of way:

"Oh yes, I knew always—I never doubted."

The window shades were pulled high up, and I caught sight of a rosy flush above the eastern hills. Just then, as if in answer to some voice we did not hear, she cried out strongly, "Yes! Yes!"

And then she turned to us, as one who sets out upon a journey, and bade us, one after the other, good-by.

"Carry, last," she said; and spoke to all the others, even to her mother. Then she turned to me, with the ligh upon her face by which I shall know her when I meet her among the angels, "Cahwy, Cahwy!"

It was the old childish name when she could not speak plainly—the name by which she had adopted me when she and I were only four years old—and as it crossed her lips a sudden ray of dawning struck them, for

"The morn of the nativity had just begun to break."

With that dawning Grace was born into another world than ours. The lips which the first sunbeam kissed were already cold.

They buried her, as she had requested, with my Christmas gift upon her heart. My face went down with her into the silence below the grass and the snow.

I have never laid aside her last gift, the little silver locket with the forget-me-not on its cover. If there is any good in me at all, if I have striven ever so feebly to uproot from my heart the evil weeds of jealousy and injustice, God only knows how much of it I owe to this my talisman, my silent monitor.

Especially do I look at it every Christmas morning, and think of her on whose frozen beauty that Christmas morning of long ago looked in. And still, though so many years have passed, do I miss her sorely.

Does she miss me also, in her far, blessed home, and bend to listen to the chant in which souls that aspire on earth and souls that rejoice in heaven alike may join—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men"?

Poisons in Our Food.

A paper read before the Maryland Academy of Sciences was as follows:

The use of beer, generally recognized as a wholesome drink, has become much less general because of a suspected use of harmful bitters and grape sugar. A large piece of this so-called grape sugar, taken from the hands of a youth, who said that his father manufactured it, proved, upon analysis to contain a quantity of sulphuric acid, enough to destroy some half dozen sets of good teeth. As this sugar is largely used in adulterating cane sugar, candies and numerous other articles of luxury and necessity, further comment is unnecessary.

Yeast powders are made and sold here which contain soluble salts of aluminium, The use of tin in sugar, of baryta in numerous articles of food to increase their weight are barely concealed. The agreeable odor of caramel in the neighborhood of the coffee mills tells its own tale, and to explain the wonderful cheapness of the beautiful jellies now in such common use we should have to go further than our matutinal friend "Rags-Bones," and pursue through the wonderful transformations worked by modern chemistry the bones from our garbage box, flavored and colored by the waste products from the gas works, back again to our tables as currant jelly for our famous canvas backs and red heads, and perhaps meet in our sugar bowls our old shirts transformed into very palatable sugar. When in Washington recently I asked the Chinese Ambassador what was the punishment for food adulteration in China. He replied: "Death."

The Ownership of Watermelons.

The Louisville *Journal*, tells this story: —Who ever heard of any one being punished for stealing a watermelon? It was tried once in Tennessee, three or four years ago. Good old Judge Frazier, of the Davidson and Rutherford circuit, was presiding; an unlucky negro was the prisoner; a very young lawyer was defending him; twelve good men and true were in the box. There was no doubt the prisoner had stolen the melon; the proof against him was clear as noonday. The attorney called no witnesses whatever, but simply arose and said: "May it please your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, my client is charged with stealing a watermelon. He does not deny it. But this is a new crime for our courts. I have stolen watermelons myself; the chances are that your Honor has stolen watermelons; and, gentlemen, I'll agree to set 'em up if there is a man on that jury who hasn't stolen a watemelon!" The Judge jerked up his head, took off his spectacles, and looked up with a startled but smiling stare upon the young scamp; the jurors nudged each other and snickered; the spectators guffawed; but it is needless to say the brief argument for the defendant was a successful one with the honest jurymen.

PROF. HUXLEY says: "If the sound of music doesn't cause a dog acute pain, why does the animal sit up on its haunches and howl when a German band is doing its worst in the street?' We'll tell you, professor. The dog acts that way because it loves music, and is waiting for an opportunity to grab the band leader by the throat. It is not a sign that a dog doesn't love music because a street band makes him howl. Old Mendelssohn would sit up on his hind legs and howl, too, if he could hear some of the street music of our day.—*The Judge*.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Grass in the Crop Rotation—Suggestions about Seeding.

BY THE HON. F. P. ROOT.

No system of agriculture can be profitable that noes not make grass an essential part of a rotation of crops. When lands are not adapted to grain, growing grass is the chief reliance, and it becomes a specialty, but nowhere can it be discarded without great detriment to the soil. The farmer who raises abundant crops of grass, while he is a grain grower also, will raise good crops of grain in alternation. There seems a harmony in the movement from grass to grain, which is beneficial to each. The best crops of corn, of wheat, and also other farm crops in general, are grown on an inverted sod, with a nicely fitted seedbed on the surface; and the most bountiful crops of grass on grain lands are raised the first crop after grain, or on newly seeded lands. On our natural grain soils we find it unprofitable to maintain any permanent meadow or pasture. Though a portion of every farm should be in grass, our dry grain lands will not give continuous crops of grass without frequent top-dressing and scarifying the surface; hence it is more profitable to seed frequently and use all manure of the farm for the benefit of grain crops.

There need be no lack of hay or pasturage in our dry grain-growing sections if we seed frequently. A crop turning from one to two tons of hay from newly seeded clover and timothy is as sure as any other crop grown, and is also a renovating crop to the soil. Too little attention is given to seeding in grass by a majority of farmers in our grain sections. Lands in wheat should be seeded to clover and timothy, and if not wanted for mowing or pasturage the benefit to the land by growing grass and clover instead of weeds and thistles will greatly overbalance the expense of seeding. It is not profitable to keep dry land in grass more than two seasons in succession; then it should be plowed and two or three crops of grain grown, and then reseeded. The best season for seeding of timothy on wheat lands is in October, or late in September, though it may be sown in spring mixed with clover seed, but the growth will be much less the first season of mowing than if sown in autumn. Clover seed is sometimes sown in fall on dry sandy lands to insure a germination of the seed, but it is quite liable to winter kill in changeable weather.

The best and most usual time of seeding to clover is in the month of March, or early in April; or, we may say, immediately after the opening of spring and before frosts disappear, the action of which will in a degree cover the seed and aid germination. It is also a good time to seed to clover after the ground is dry enough to go over with a light harrow, sowing the seed immediately before that operation, which is regarded usually as beneficial to the wheat crop as well as to the clover. Timothy seed is frequently sown at the time of wheat seeding, but if wheat is sown early in the season and timothy at the same time, there is danger of choking the wheat by too much growth of grass. It is especially so when the autumn season is wet and an active growth follows. Timothy seed will never fail if sown in the fall, for if there is not wet enough to start it in fall, it will come in spring without fail. Many farmers do not approve of early sowing of clover seed, fearing that the early germ may be killed by late frosts in spring, but I am convinced by observation that there is very little danger of frosts on the young clover plant unless the ground be frozen to heave and pull the root. The cause of failure in clover seeding is drouth immediately after germination of the seed and before the root gets sufficient depth of soil to retain moisture. A drouth in the month of May will endanger clover seeding; later drouth will only retard growth.

Clover and timothy are the best seeding for dry grain lands, where permanent sod is not required, but where continued grass crops are desired, blue grass orchard grass and June grass are more desirable, as they are more lasting, and a mixture of these with the former will be found beneficial. A variety of grasses will form a permanent sod and afford much better pasturage the season through, and stock will always thrive on a a variety of grasses much better than on one alone, for our grain lands we have no forage crop more desirable than red clover during the season of its growth, but it matures during July, after which it affords but little pasturage, hence the rule of a mixture of grasses to supply the remainder of the season. In seeding lands we meet with more failures with clover than with any of the grasses, and to insure against failure we should always mix other seeds, which if sown in fall one need not fear failure, even if sown so late as November, for the seeds when worked into the soil by the frosts and storms of the winter season will be sure to germinate in early spring, and there is but little danger of injury by frosts; but the same is not true of clover, for severe freezing will pull the young plants out of the ground and destroy them. No amount of experience can enable a farmer to always succeed in getting a good seeding of clover, for the variableness of seasons cannot be foreseen, but a soil in good tilth and fertile, the seed sown early in spring, and slightly covered with harrow and roller, with a dressing of plaster, will seldom fail.

Too Much Study.

At a meeting of "the old school boys of Boston"—boys who went to school before 1830—some very sensible remarks were made in regard to the present "high pressure" system of instruction, of which teachers, as well as pupils, are more or less the victims; although teachers themselves defend the system in obedience to those conservative instincts which incline them to feel that teachers cannot be taught anything. Each teacher, as one of the speakers remarked, is anxious that his or her pupils shall be advanced as far as those of any other school; but the result is that the poor little children are nearly driven to death. He boasted that he had helped secure the passage of a resolution prohibiting the pupils of the Normal School studying more than three hours a day out of school, and he would join a society for the purpose of checking the evil in the Boston schools. Such a man is much more of a philanthropist than the ordinary platform and professional philanthropist.

THE ZULU.—The Zulu chief of a traveling museum which showed in Rochester was six feet and a half tall, and of course was advertised as seven. He wore scarcely any clothes, spoke what the lecturer said was Zulu language, and was terrific in a war dance. But the manager failed to pay him the stipulated $12 a week, whereupon he complained before a justice in good English, and said he was Francis West, a Rondout hod carrier.

YOU can always gauge a man's character by noting the kind of jokes which make him laugh most heartily.

On the River Thames.

THE LITTLE STEAMERS OF THE RIVER AND THE WAY THEY ARE RUN.

There are some forty piers or landing places for passenger steamers along the Thames in London and suburbs, says a Detroit *Free Press* correspondent. Fleets of little steamers ply the river, conveying passengers anywhere from London Bridge to Putney for a penny. On Sundays and holidays, for some unknown reason, double fare is charged. The steamboats are open, without cabin or awning, but rather swift. They sit low in the water, are very long and sharp, and are propelled by side wheels. The rudder is managed by a helm, and the helmsman is stationed away astern. The engine is amidships, in the hull below, but partly projecting above the deck. The pistons work direct on the shafting. There is no "walking-beam" to project high in air. A bridge from wheel-house to wheel-house gives the captain elevation enough to look fore and aft, and command the course of the steamer.

On this bridge the captain stands, and never pulls a bell, turns a crank or says a word. But he "looks alive," and the inquisitive passenger will see the skipper's fingers open and shut, or his arm swing—with a hardly perceptible motion, it is true, but still in a regular way. A little urchin in blue, with corduroy breeches and perhaps a grimy neckcloth, lounges about the open space above the engine. The chances are that he will be picking at some placard on the wheel-house, contemplating some little trinket, or putting on an appearance of interest in something elsewhere on the steamboat. All at once, in a shrill child's voice, will be heard:

"E-e-ase 'er!"

It comes from the playful and apparently indifferent urchin. In another moment you hear, "Sto-op 'er!" and, before there is time to wonder, again he shouts, "Tu-urn astarn!" The engine is obedient to his shrill exclamations. The apparently indifferent lad has kept watch of the captain's hand and has interpreted the slightest curl of his finger for the benefit of the engineer, who stands just below him under the deck and the helmsman who stands astern. The bridges, tides and other contingencies of the Thames navigation make communication by bell and signal too slow. The captain must get word to the engineer, and the helmsman must comprehend that word in the shortest possible interval. So the captain moves his hand and fingers and the youngster shouts out accordingly: "'Ed easy!" "Ste-ern easy!" "Go-o on 'ed!" and such other commands as the captain's languid gestures may imply.

Farragut at Ten.

I preached one Sunday in the parlors at Long Branch. The war was over, and Admiral Farragut and his family were spending the Summer at the Branch. Sitting on the portico of the hotel Monday morning, he said to me:

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans, with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt; could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of gaming in every shape.

"At the close of dinner, one day, my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"'I mean to follow the sea.'

"'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

"'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do.'

"'No, David; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.'

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital. That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors, I will never gamble.

"And as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour. Shortly after, I became a Christian. That act settled my temporal as it settled my eternal destiny."—*Leaves from The Tree of Life.*

About Boys.

Mary A. Livermore in a recent address said: The boy of to-day is not receiving the proper home culture. Children slip away from paternal care. This is due to the rigorous oldtime home culture. Education must be inculcated by the mother. In Wales, England, the character of the mother is inquired for as a recommendation for the son. The average boy, noisy, impetuous, detesting home work, bankrupt in education and a dodger of churches and other pious places, yet has a fathomless tenderness for his mother, but he wants no spectator. He is characterized by a passionate loyalty to whatever he espouses, and a high sense of honor to which appeal can safely be made in most cases. One thing in his teaching is imperative—normal purity. Let the mother inculcate this with loving care, putting aside all false notions of modesty and prudishness. Let us have done with the belief in the saying, "Wild oats must sometime be sowed." He who thus sows must inevitably reap a similar harvest. Every boy should be trained to respect womanhood. Nothing so much adorns manhood as his respect for woman. The boy should be trained in politeness. This has a commercial value nowadays. He makes his way in the world easier for a pleasing address. There is no reason why the boy of to-day should not be taught the ordinary rules of etiquette. Good manners are to a man what beauty is to a woman. But best of all, train boys in honor, integrity and trustworthiness. Every boy should have an industrial occupation, and this should be in harmony with his tastes. So with the girls. To sum it all up, train the boy into manliness, that standard of manliness that combines the strongest virtues with the gentlest weakness. Let him be like a hand of iron in a glove of velvet. There is nothing higher or nobler than this.

NOT ENOUGH TO EAT.—John E. Russell said at a farmers' meeting at Salem: The horse has the smallest stomach in proportion to his size of any animal. That is so; and yet how many mean men there are in the world who half starve the poor brutes, while they revel in luxury themselves!

Butter Adulterations.

DENOUNCED BY THE CONVENTION OF THE DAIRYMEN.

The second day of the Dairymen's Convention at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was opened by a discussion on oleomargarine. Mr. Englehard, of Chicago, told of the magnitude of the adulteration business in butter, 40 per cent. of butter being used and the balance butterine. The manufacture and trade in butterine was one of the principal business interests of Chicago. Adulteration was destroying the butter trade at home and abroad. Our export for six months this year, as compared with the same period last year, fell off nearly 50 per cent., wholly in consequence of adulteration of the products of the dairy.

Even where the manufacturers complied with the laws requiring that adulterated articles be marked, the middlemen would violate them by removing the marks. L. S. Coffin, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, read a paper in which he denounced adulterants as base thieves and the veriest counterfeiters. The next topic was the "American Dairy." Mr. Smith, of New York, gave a brief history of the dairy business in the country. The question of how to increase the home market and the foreign demand was easily solved—make a better quality. Mr. Simpson, of Boston, said that it was not sufficient to denounce and suppress adulterations in dairy products, they must attack adulterations in all goods. He believed that any man had a right to make these adulterations for butter, but no man had a right to sell these adulterations as butter.

He advised farmers to refuse to sell their milk to owners of creameries who adulterate their products. C. F. Dexter, of Chicago, thought that the convention could do but little more than excite an interest in the matter. But little good could be done toward suppressing the traffic until those adulterable products were declared deleterious to public health, The manufacture of these articles was legitimate, and it was not right to denounce the manufacturers as robbers and counterfeiters. The convention passed a resolution "that it is the sense of this convention that a law should be passed to prevent adulterations of butter and cheese."

The afternoon session was opened by a discussion of "Shortage in Cream and Butter."

A Big Elephant.

Jay Gould's latest possession is the Grand Opera House in New York City, which he has taken in part payment for some coal lands in Pennsylvania. The mutations of fortune of this place of amusement are decidedly remarkable. Built originally by S. N. Pike, the great Western distiller, it was a failure from the start, and under the successive management of Clifton W. Tayleure and Augustine Daly did not succeed in making money for the lessees; then James Fisk took control, and ran it on the most extensive plan, producing opera bouffe, spectacle, ballet, and similar entertainments. One Sunday night he gave a dress rehearsal of the "Twelve Temptations" to an audience of some 3,000 invited guests, and all these people were provided with a supper furnished by Delmonico and served on one long table that extended the entire length of the foyer. When Fisk died the property came into the possession of the Erie Railroad Company.

WITH MISCONDUCT and economy one can always get on in the world.

Its Equal is Unknown.

A Lowell (Mass.) paper, so we observe, cites the case of Mr. P. H. Short, proprietor of the Belmont Hotel, that city, who suffered with rheumatism for seventeen years without finding relief from any of the numerous remedies employed, until he applied St. Jacobs Oil: "I never found any medicine that produced such remarkable and instantaneous effect as it did," says Mr. Short. —*Lyons (Ia.) Mirror.*

NO MATTER how rich a young man may be he always prefers mending his suspenders with cord to purchasing a new pair.—*Puck.*

"Made New Again."

Mrs. WM. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—'*made new again*,' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

SHIP captains ought to be good dancers, because they are skippers.—*Andrews' Queen.*

WINSTON, Forsyth Co., N. C.

GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtue of your bitters.

Very respectfully,
REV. H. FEREBEE.

SPEAK LOW, friend; even a dead Czar's ears can hear.—Russian.

AND I pray dat de Lord take me, till I tried "Sellers' Cough Syrup," an' I's nebber coughed since. How's dat for high, boss?

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The wholesale New York market quotations show:

BEANS.—Prime, $3.45@$3.50, fair to good $3.30@3.40 per bushel.

BUTTER.—New York sold at 34c.@35c. for choice in pails, and 25c.@30c. common to good; Western sold at 30c.@31c., and the common Western at 17c.@20c.

CHEESE.—Factory fancy, 12c.@12¼c.; do. fair to good, 9½c.@10½c.

EGGS.—Quotations ranged from 27c. for ordinary to 33c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

FLOUR.—Superfine, $4.50@$5.27: Western $5.00@$6.00; extra New York, $5.25@$5.75.

HAY.—Shipping, 65c.@75c.; clover, 65c@85c.; salt, 65c.; straw, 45c.@85c.

HOPS.—New York, 23c.@30c.; Eastern, 22c.@24c.; yearlings, 12c.@22c.; olds, 5c.@15c.

PETROLEUM.—Refined, 9½c.; crude, 6⅝c.@6¾c. in bulk; in barrels, 7⅜c.; naphtha, 10c. in shipping order, and 11¾c.@12¾c. in cases.

PORK.—New mess, $17.50@17.75; dressed hogs, 8c⅝.@8⅝c.

WHEAT.—Spring No. 3, $1.22¼@$1.23¼; Milwaukee, No. 2, $1.38, amber, $1.30@$1.40; white, $1.27@$1.38½.

RYE.—State, 99c.@1.03

WOOL.—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia xxx, 43c.@46c.; xx, 42c.@46c.; x, 42c.@46c. No. 1, 45c.@47c.; No. 2, 38c.@40c.; common, 33c.@35c.; New York and Western xx and x, 39c.@41c.; No. 1, 44c.@45c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FLOUR.—State family, $6.50@6.75; rye flour, $5.50@5.75; wheat, State, $1.42@1.44 amber, $1.45. Corn, yellow, 68½c.; mixed State, 66½c.@68c.

PETROLEUM.—Refined, 7½c.; crude, 6⅝c.

WOOL.—State and Western xx, 46c.@50c. x, 47c.@48c.; medium, 50c.@51c.; coarse, 45c.

BOSTON MARKET.

FLOUR.—From $4.75@$5.25 for low and medium, to $6.00@$7.75 for choice Minnesota. Corn, 75c.@76c. for mixed and yellow.

BUTTER.—Common, 18c.@20c.; Vermont dairy, 24c.@32c.; choice creamery, 33c.@35c.

CHEESE.—7c @13c.

BEANS.—$2.50@$3.35

HAY.—Choice, $23@$24.

CATTLE MARKETS.

BUFFALO.—Cattle, good quality, $5.50@$5.75; hogs, fair to good, $5.35@$5.65; best, $6.20.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle, $6.25@$6.65; medium to good, $5.75@$6.00; common to fair, $4.25@$4.75; Hogs, Yorkers, $5.70@$6.00; Philadelphias, $6.40@$6.65. Sheep, $3.00@$4.90.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—Cattle, choice, $9.00@9.50; extra, $8.00@$8.50; first quality, $7.00@$7.50: second quality, $5.00@$7.50; third quality, $4.00@$4.75. Sheep and lambs—wool sheep, $2.50@4.50: extra, $5.00@$5.50; spring lambs, 4.50@$5.50. Veal calves. 9½c.@9c.

Our Exports of Breadstuffs.

SOME INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE STATISTICS.

In the November *International Review*, Mr. Richard H. Edmonds brings together the figures showing the marvelous growth in the breadstuff exports of the United States in recent years. During the past six years we have sent to foreign countries more wheat that during the preceding half century, and within these six years our exports of that staple have nearly trebled. We exported 55,000,000 bushels in 1876 and about 150,000,000 during the year ending June 30, 1881. Of all the wheat and flour exported during the past sixty-one years about thirty-eight per cent. in value is the product of the last six, and about twenty per cent. of the last two years. Of wheat and flour reduced to wheat the exports have increased in quantity from 75,000,000 bushels in 1874 to 185,000,000 bushels in 1881, and in value from $93,000,000 to $211,000,000.

Turning to Indian corn, we find the figures not less striking. The quantity of this staple sent abroad during the past six years is greater than the quantity exported during the preceding fifty-five years, and the exports have been steadily increasing, except that they were less this year than last. Excluding meal, which is no small item, we supplied foreign countries with 49,000,000 bushels of corn in 1876; 98,000,000 in 1880, and 91,000,000 in 1881, while the exports have risen in value from $33,000,000 in 1876 to $53,000,000 in 1880 and $50,000,000 in 1881. The total value of the breadstuffs, including wheat, flour, corn and meal, which we sent abroad was $263,000,000 during the year ending June 30, 1881, and $280,000,000 during the preceding year.

In these results both the advocates and the opponents of a free and improved canal system in New York State may find some very significant lessons. New York is naturally and justly entitled to the greater part of this vast export trade, but in order to retain what it already has and secure what it might have, a wise and liberal canal policy is essential. A bold bid is being made for this traffic by the advocates of the Mississippi scheme, whose advantages are less and whose disadvantages are greater than those of the trade channel which connects the Northwest and the seaboard at this point. This fact and the great and growing extent of the export trade in American breadstuffs are matters which should receive the consideration their importance demands in dealing with the canal question, now before the people of New York State.

THE maddest man around these parts is the individual who goes to the closet for his overshoes and discovers that his wife gave them to the hired man last summer to work up into pump suckers. —*Puck.*

A Boy's Luck.

The Norristown (Pa.) *Herald* in a recent issue referred among others, to the following cases of special interest. They are their own commentary. Mr. Samuel C. Nyce, resides at 308 Marshall street, and holds the responsible position of journal clerk in the Pennsylvania Legislature, at Harrisburg. While Mr. Nyce and family were in the country recently, his boy, aged three years, fell and broke his leg. He recovered, but a very troublesome stiffness set in and he could scarcely use the leg. The injured limb was rubbed several times with St. Jacobs Oil, and the stiffness was so much reduced that the boy was able to use his leg freely. Dr. Knipe said it was the use of St. Jacobs Oil that cured the stiffness. Mr. Nyce himself used the Great German Remedy for toothache with good effect, and also for a sprain and pains of rheumatic nature, and always with good effect. Mrs. Nyce also says she thinks the Oil is a splendid thing, and she always keeps it on hand.

THE late Governor Briggs of Massachusetts was remonstrating with a man for drinking liquor when he could do without it. "Well, you wear a collar when you can do without it," was the retort. Thereupon the Governor agreed never to wear a collar so long as the man refrained from drinking, and never a collar did the Governor wear after that.

THE USE of Homœopathic Medicines in Veterinary practice is steadily gaining ground, and it has been fully demonstrated that all diseases of horses and cattle, and especially the dreaded pleuro-pneumonia, are readily amenable to Homœopathic treatment. Veterinary Homœopathic Medicine cases and books, giving plain directions for their use, can be obtained in all styles and prices at Boericke & Tafel's Homœopathic Pharmacy, 145 Grand St., New York. Send for Descriptive Price Current.

JOHN V. L., Groesbeck. "Why do editors lie so badly?" John, you think it smart to ask that cruel question, but we will answer it, although such questions do not deserve an answer. Editors lie so badly because they are not used to it.—*Texas Siftings.*

Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me.

Yours respectfully,
JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

BEING pursued by a bull a Michigan man had presence of mind to discharge some tobacco juice in the animal's eyes and thereby escaped death. Don't let anybody make you believe that tobacco is unhealthy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not Bad to Take.

"Consumptive people and those suffering with weak lungs, coughs, colds, sore throat and asthma, are earnestly recommended to take Piso's Cure, the best and most pleasant remedy for those diseases."

H. M. Bings, of Chatsworth, Ill., writes: "Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best cough remedy in the market, without any exception."

THERE isn't a poorhouse in all Norway. When people get so poor that they have to ask for charity they are shipped to America to become eminent citizens.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventatives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

A HORSE-CAR conductor who has just stepped heavily on a passenger's feet says affably: "When I first began, I used to mind if I stepped on anybody's feet; but now I've got quite used to it."

INDULGENT parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, etc., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

Rheumatism.

The editor wishes to know if there is one of his readers suffering with rheumatism. If so let him try a bottle of Durang's Rheumatic Remedy, It is taken internally; never has failed, and never can fail to cure in the shortest time. It can be had at all drug stores. Send for free pamphlet to R. K. Halpenstine, druggist, Washington, D. C.

BALDHEADED men are informed that there is but one avenue of escape from their affliction, and that is CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great hair renewer, which being recently improved, is more efficatious than ever and is absolutely faultless.

"MY SON had an abscess in his side, that discharged two quarts of matter. 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher' cured him."
J. F. BROOKS, Painsville, Ohio.

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Special Inducements are offered you by the Burlington Route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

Osmun's Prepared Cod Liver Oil and Lime. The best medicine for the Lungs. Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 13 7th ave., New York.

A REGULAR CIRCUS.

If there is one thing in all the world that allures the average boy and delights people generally, it is a well managed and thoroughly equipped circus. The children of a city or town seem to know of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully diverted into an old coffee-pot in the cellar corner for prospective use, and scrap-metal, old paper, etc., do substantial service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—or rather its proprietors and employes—experimentally believe in ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great Pain Reliever of the age. Hon. P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth and Coup's Monster Show can be taken as typical cases. The former says: "We take great pleasure in stating that ST. JACOBS OIL is in use by many ring artists now engaged with P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, united with the Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menagerie and the International Allied Shows. From its happy effect upon those who have occasion to employ it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing ST. JACOBS OIL the best liniment which has ever been brought to our notice. It is wonderfully efficacious in subduing pain.
(Signed) BARNUM, BAILEY & HUTCHINSON."
The Press Agent of Coup's Monster Show says: "In cases of rheumatism or complaints of that kind our artists know how to cure themselves very speedily. ST. JACOBS OIL is a very popular remedy among our people for rheumatic pains, and as long as they can get it they won't suffer much."
Mr. Frank I. Frayne says: "I have suffered terribly from rheumatism in my right shoulder and arm, and at the same time I had severe pains in my chest. Sometime since I read something in a newspaper about the remarkable cures of ST. JACOBS OIL, and I thought I would try that remedy. I tell you I am mighty glad I did, for after using one or two bottles of that preparation I felt no pain whatever, and have had none since. I am firm believer in ST. JACOBS OIL, and I want everybody in my company to keep it near them."

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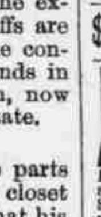

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